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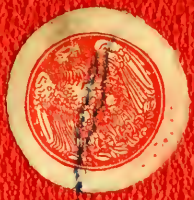

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HOMEWARD BOUND

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FALLEN MAJESTY.

BY

FRANK CARLOS.

Yes, in the gallery, twenty-five cents;
That was quite a fall for me, old man;
But I found the ticket you see, and hence
I could afford this expensive *plan.*
I'm out of the way of going to shows,
Haven't money enough to buy a beer,
Much less a comfortable suit of clothes,
Or warm overcoat. I say, look here,—

Did you ever sit there, in the back row?
Of course not, because you've got money.
I used to frequent the parquet below,
Dont laugh sir, because it's not funny.
I sat in the boxes; swallow-tailed coat,
White necktie, kid gloves, hat, and so forth,
And over the Op'ra fondly I'd doat,
The crowd vainly guessing at my worth.

They set it at millions; thousand it was,
But 'twas hundreds of them without doubt.
They vanished at last. Did you ask the cause?
Well then listen to how't came about.
Will I drink first? No, oh no, not at all,
Seedy, hungry and cold that I am:
I look like a sot, and God knows my fall
Was caused by but one cursed dram.

You see when I's rich I met a poor girl,
Who sang in the opera's chorus.
She was pure as the snow, pure as the pearl,
As the sky when no cloud's before us.
I loved her, she me; the day was at hand,
When the stage she'd forever resign:
But one fatal night, the devil had planned,
To supplant all my wits with his wine.

I lived with my mother, her only son, I,
Heaven bless her, she's long since at rest.
I killed her sweet soul, I caused her to die,
I, miserable, cursed, unblessed.
'Twas I thrust the knife, 'twas I broke the heart.
'Twas I dug the grave of my mother;
But doubly a villain, to thrust the dart
Through her soul to that of another.

The party was large, the voices were gay,
Which filled all my halls and my parlors,
In honor of one, at no distant day,
To be mine in spite of the snarlers.
But a fiend, jealous fiend, caused me to drink
Of a liquor I'd ne'er touched before;
Then thrust me among the crowd, only think,
And I fell in a heap on the floor.

I saw her no more, she even denied
The privilege even to see her.
From father and brother, drunkards beside,
She hoped that her voice would soon free her.
I soon took to many follies of life,
Yet from liquor and dice kept aloof;
I've thrown away all, gold, mother and wife,
Ambition wrecked; without food or a roof.

Now to-night, I sat in the farthest seat,
Of the gallery for the first time.
When the curtain went up, how my heart beat,
'Twas my opera, harkye 'twas mine.
I wrote it, composed the music as well,
In the days of my vigorous youth.
'Twas all done for her, my angel, ma belle,—
Don't doubt me, *for I'm telling the truth.*

Now who played the role intended for her?
Only listen, I'll tell you anon.
As breathless I watched, not daring to stir,
And waited the next scene to come on.
The first,—how it dragged,—but at last, at last,
While the blood was near bursting my head.
The wings rolled apart, the audience vast,
Were as breathless and still as if dead.

At last on the stage appeared the fair form,
Which was greeted with shouts, and applause;
"My God it is she!" *I exclaimed, as the storm*
Of applause died away,—and it was.
Yes, there on the stage, amidst rarest flowers,
Stood the one I had loved, and had lost,
Whose lips I had pressed in past happy hours,
I the vagabond, villain almost.

She was famed, with at last wealth and honor,
I'd become but a gallery god.
But though she, was the great prima donna,
I was rich enough then to applaud,
But at last when the scene rose to grandeur,
In a frenzy I rose up to shout,
"'Tis my angel, applaud I command ye."
But the audience cried, "put him out."

Did they do it? Of course. I was hustled
By the crowd, from my seat way up there;
Until down to the street I was bustled,
And out into the cold, cheerless air.
I'm near starving, heart broken, and frozen,
And I wandered about and in here.
But my heart's dearest wish had I chosen,
Was to see her rich,—Ugh,—*never fear*—

'Tis the pain at my heart, 'tis the third time;
Twice before it's been there; oh my God!
Such a pain, and to die in the prime
Of one's life, 'tis the chastening rod
That punishes such sad rascals as I.
But dont be alarmed, I'll go outside,
And into the street and gutter to die,
Sleeping with snow and the ice beside.

There, there she is now, I see her now there,
Dont you see her, so fair, dressed in white?
Her full, sad blue eyes, and waving black hair,
Passing there between me and the light?
She's gone, now I'll go; dont hurry me sir,
Iv'e been thrust in the street oft' before;
I'm falling,—oh God, could I but see her
Only one moment more, just once more.

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